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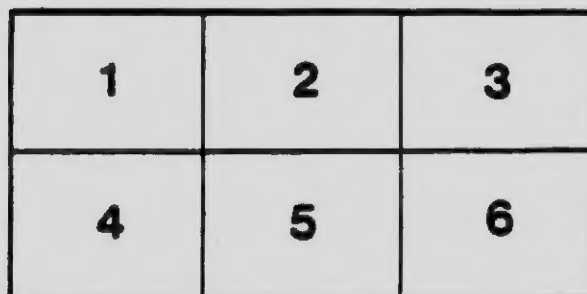
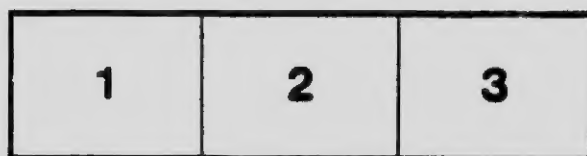
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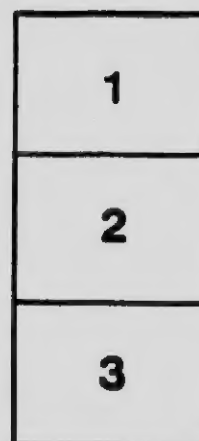
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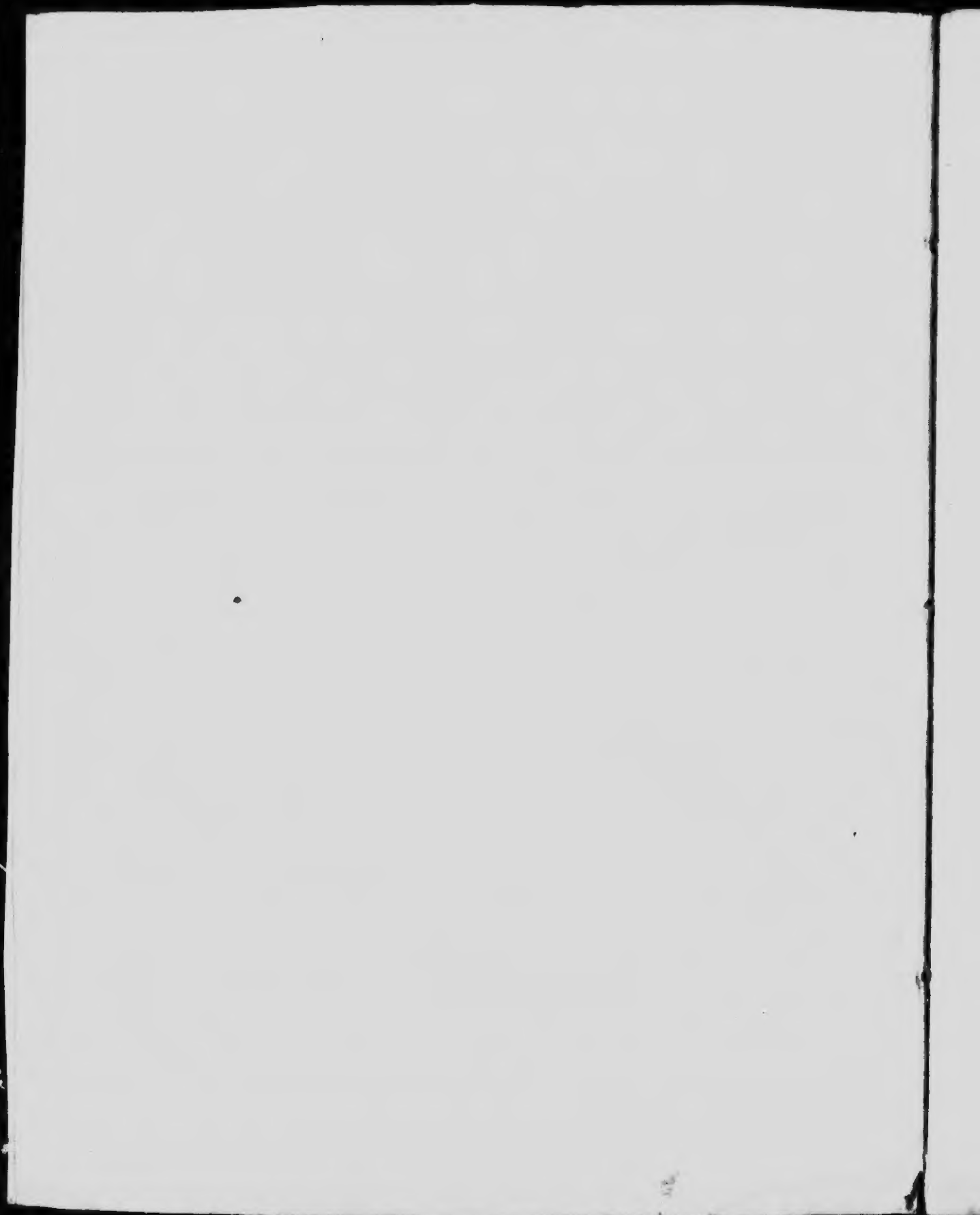
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The Flitting of the Gods



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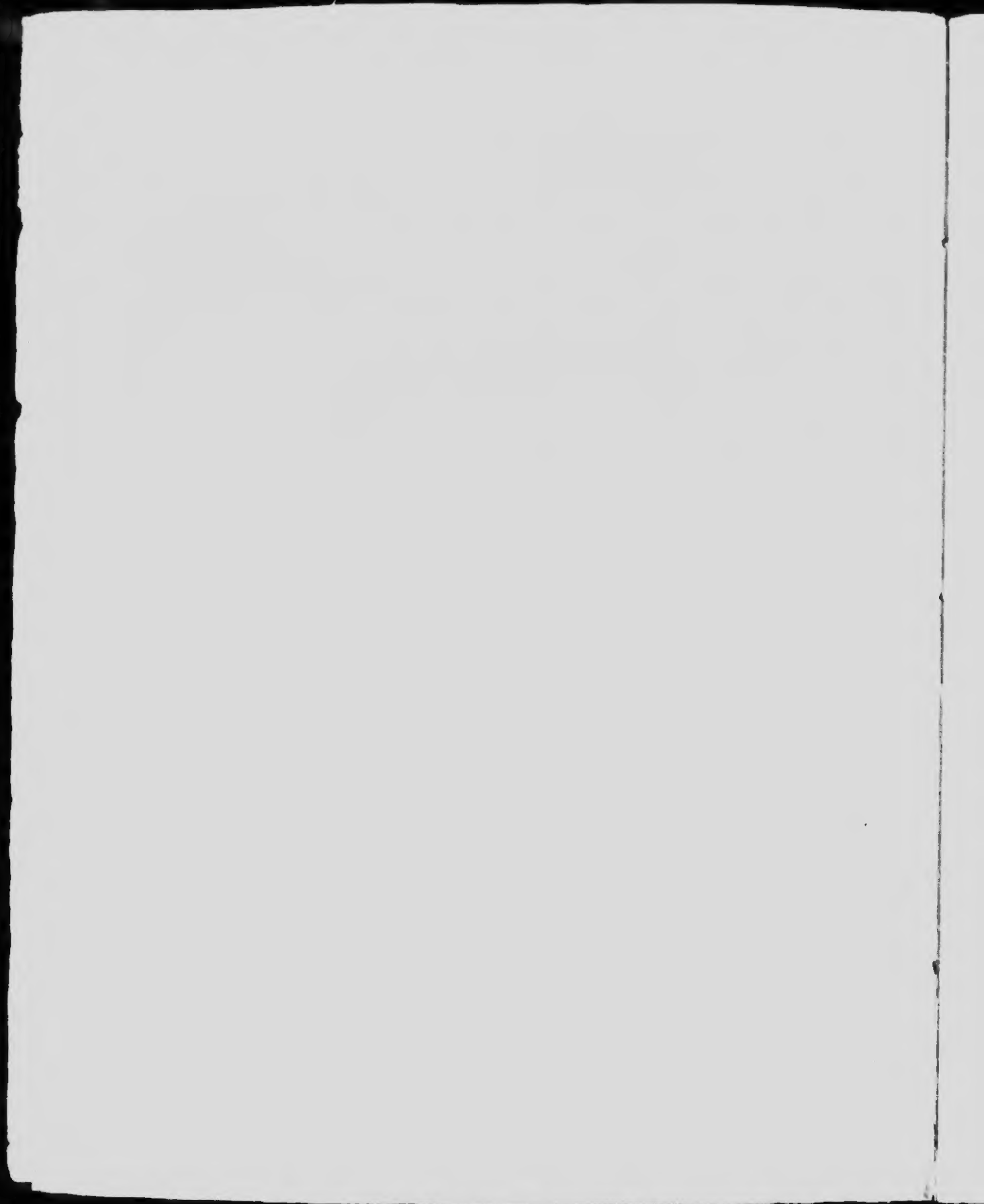
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THE FLITTING OF THE GODS



**AN AUTHENTIC ACCOUNT
OF THE GREAT TREK FROM
MOUNT OLYMPUS TO
THE CANADIAN ROCKIES**

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The Flitting of the Gods

From their Olympian Home by Land and Sea
to the Canadian Rockies.

The Beginning of the Gods



HE grandest marriage ever celebrated was the wedding of the Earth and the Sky countless ages ago. The offspring were Titan and Saturn; the latter wedded Cybele, who became mother of all the gods about whom linger authentic traditions which form the subject of this historic sketch. There was a vast brood of them, and amongst the most noted were Jupiter, Neptune and Pluto. Jupiter, whose aliases were Jove and Zeus (according to the country he was visiting), after destroying his uncle Titan with thunderbolts, and bestrewing the ground with his ashes, which became the seed of the human race, was supreme ruler of the universe. Neptune, possessed of nautical instincts and a trident,



Jove

**The Home of
the Gods**

rose to the dignity of commodore of the local yacht club and eventually became King of the Sea; and Pluto assumed chief command of the nether world, where the thermometer never dropped below the nineties. Jove—by which name Jupiter-Zeus was usually called—took unto himself a wife in the person of Juno, the Queen of Heaven, and they lived in a sky palace at times, but their mundane residence was on far off Mount Olympus, where their progeny of gods and goddesses and a glorious array of nymph attendants passed the fleeting hours away in all the pleasurable functions of that mystic and mythological era.

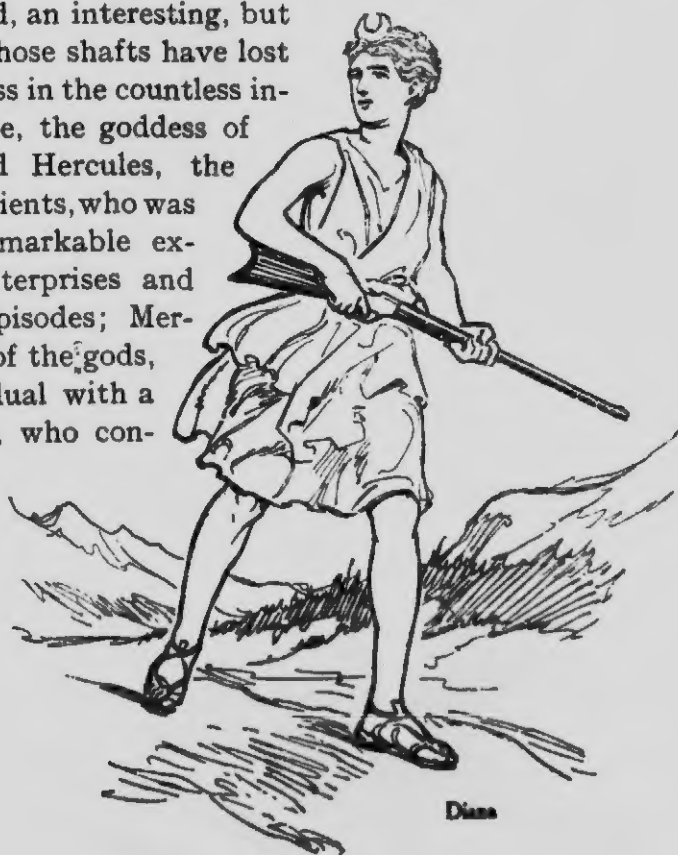
There was a varied assortment of these nymphs, some of whom were beautiful she fairies. Others were Dryads who lived in forests, and there were Hamadryads who camped in trees, Naiads who dwelt in streams and lakes, Nereids whose home was in the ocean, and Oreids who lived in the hills and mountains. Nor was this all. There were Fauns and Satyrs, with hindquarters like goats, horns in their foreheads and long pointed ears. But the Fauns resembled lambs—innocent, gentle and handsome—while the Satyrs were hideous, stupid monsters, and they were ruled by the god Pan, who was a Satyr of the first blood.

The First of the 400

Amongst the Four Hundred of Mythology were many who had something more than mere birth and social standing to boast of. They had distinctive

characteristics, which after all these many days are still remembered by mortals. The fabled aristocracy included Apollo, who played the lyre, and was god of the Sun—sometimes calling himself Phoebus, and ranking next to Jove in importance; Diana, goddess of the Moon, who was a mighty huntress, and fair and comely to the eye; Bacchus, a personage of most convivial temperament, who looked upon the wine when it was red, white, blue or any other color; Mars, a soldier of the legend, and god of War; Adonis, a good-looking chap, who was a prime favorite in a wide circle of lady friends; Venus, the goddess of Love and Beauty, who was either Jove's pretty daughter or—as some contend—sprang from the foam of the sea; Vulcan, the god of Fire, who forged the thunderbolts at the cyclopean furnaces on Mount Ætna for his reputed father Jove, to hurl about promiscuously; Momus, the god of Fun, a fellow of infinite jest, and the editor-in-chief of the Antediluvian Weekly Jester; Cupid, an interesting, but slimly-clad youth, whose shafts have lost none of their keenness in the countless intervening ages; Hebe, the goddess of youth, who married Hercules, the strong man of the ancients, who was the hero of some remarkable exploits, dangerous enterprises and other entertaining episodes; Mercury, the messenger of the gods, a pretty swift individual with a winged heel; Æolus, who con-

**The Leaders
of Society**



trolled the winds and set them loose at Jove's bidding; and Morpheus, the Rip Van Winkle of antiquity, who was eternally taking the proverbial forty winks. There were also a number of scarcely lesser deities whose names, while not mentioned here, could be found in the society columns of that day.

The Long Sleep

High carnival had been held on Mount Olympus; it was the great function of the year—the annual love feast. Mirth and Joy reigned throughout, and Pleasure and Rejoicing dominating the great gathering—this was before the era of Bridge or Ping-Pong—had satiated the voluptuaries. The day was done and the night far spent. The last strains of Sir Roger de Coverley had floated through the aromatic air and echoed faintly in the purple folds of Olympus. Orpheus and his orchestra had laid away their tuneful instruments. The banqueting halls were bare and deserted; the stars ceased scintillating. There was naught but Silence and the Night. Mighty Jove himself at last succumbed to the spell of Morpheus, under whose somnolent sway the universe sank. The ages ceaselessly rolled on—and the gods slept the sleep of forgetfulness in the Cimmerian darkness.

But it was not the sleep that knows no awakening.

The Awakening of the Gods

Untold centuries joined one another in the long roll that makes up the misty Past, but with the advent of a new one—the Twentieth, as counted by mortals—

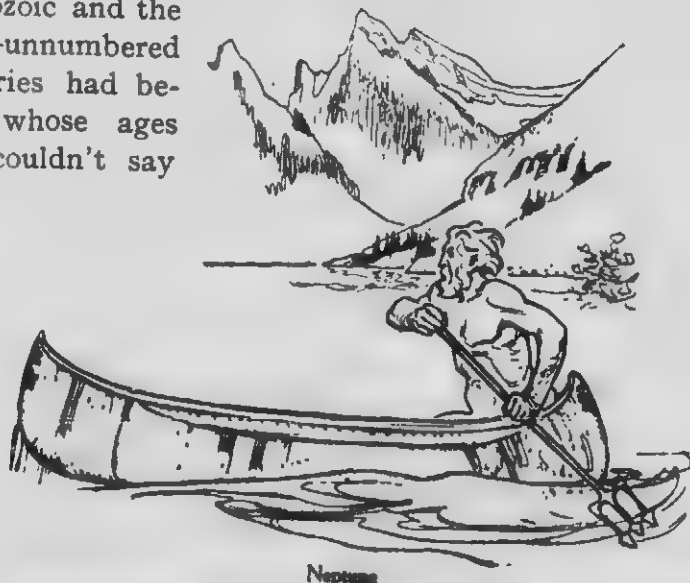
**Under the
Spell of
Morpheus**

that which the Fates decreed happened. The power of Morpheus was exhausted, and Jove, ill-accustomed to prolonged slumber, awoke to find around him, lying prone and still, a galaxy of gods and goddesses fast bound in undisturbed sleep. Seeking Stentor, his faithful call-boy—a marvellous megaphone, by the way—he instructed that general announcer at the fabled fetes to sound the reveille. One of Stentor's whispers, as everybody knows, was enough to awaken the dead, and his first shout aroused the entire camp. But to what a changed scene! Mount Olympus was there with its beloved environments—familiar to their awakened sight—but the all-pervading sense of a peculiar strangeness encompassed the distance. Queer collections of temples dotted the land; the waters were streaked with odd-looking craft, which were even to Neptune himself an insoluble puzzle; pigmies were hurrying and scurrying to and fro—singly and in battalions—in different parts of the world. These were strange sights to the astonished eyes of the aroused deities.

After Many
Days

What did it all mean? Was the world topsy-turvy?

Father Time, who was sharpening his scythe, was naturally appealed to. They had, he gravely told the dumb-founded assemblage in response to eager questionings, perhaps slept through part of the *Æzoic* and *Palæzoic*, the *Mesozoic* and the *Cenozoic* periods—unnumbered years whose centuries had become ages, and whose ages made aeons. He couldn't say



Neptune

exactly, but at any rate it was a long time since yesterday. Astounding events had occurred. This was the age of Man. The strewn ashes of Titan had brought forth in the multitude of years while they slept a new progeny whose existence was discernible almost everywhere.

In Quest of the Queer

**Mercury's
Mission**

There is one thing about the gods that has always been noticeable; they are prompt in thought and quick to action when occasion requires. So Mercury, the swift-winged messenger, was despatched instantaneously under sealed orders to report exhaustively upon the astounding discoveries, and with his going a deep, dread silence fell upon the assembled Myths—an oppressive silence that was accompanied by uncanny awe and wonderment. Jove alone remained unmoved, but his stern countenance betokened sore perplexity and a shade of grave apprehension. Momus for the nonce ceased his mirth-making. Even the female forms divine, strange to relate, were mute, and Bacchus went dry as a tin horn through not indulging in his usual potations. These were portentous times.

The Great Discovery

Miles do not make distance with the gods, and Mercury—prototype of latter day district messengers—quickly accomplished his herculean task. He could be seen in the dim distance hastening home with speed evidently accelerated by no ordinary motive. Anxiety,

perturbation, apprehension, each gave way to impatience, as deftly alighting he stood before the imperious Jove vainly gasping for breath. Bacchus thoughtfully proffered his flagon, and Mercury, quickly getting his second wind, began:

"I regret to have to report," he said, with a sad air of despondency, "I regret to have to report that our worst fears are more than realized. What you have faintly discerned in the distance is, alas, a greater peril than perhaps we could imagine."

Lamentations rent the air and loud sobs chorused their frantic terror, but Jove stolidly nerved himself for the worst, and signalling silence to all others bade Mercury continue his distressing tale of woe.

A Tale
of Woe

"I regret to have to report," he went on in subdued tones, "that while we slept the world has moved. We are not now the only ones. There are others. What they call Man has arisen—he is white, black, red and yellow—and he pretty nigh fills the whole earth. Our world of Olympus is but a small spot. Man lives in the four quarters of this terrestrial footstool. He was drowned out once, but he contrived to get another start, and now he is overrunning every place. He rushes over the land in fiery chariots, he steams across the seas, he floats through the air. He does pretty nearly everything that we gods thought was our particular specialty. He—not we—is IT."

"He's neat, but not goddy," Momus was about to say, but refrained when he noticed the awful anguish depicted on every countenance, and that, despite Jove's stern warnings, there were uncontrollable exclama-

tions of consternation and fright. This was no time for badinage. Mercury revived himself with another draught from Bacchus's fast emptying flagon, and addressing Jove, continued his marvellous story:

The Marvels of Man

**Miraculous
Miracle**

"Fleet as I am, Man has little wires circling the globe by land and by sea by which any one of him can outspeed even Me in sending messages to another of him at immense distances. Nay, one of these Eeings stands at a place they call America and throws lightning, as you throw thunderbolts, to another in a place called Europe, a thousand watery leagues away, and the message is clearly understood, which is more," (he added parenthetically in a low tone), "than some of yours are." "Again," (after refreshing himself from the nearly depleted flask, for his heart was sore and the burden of his story heavy), "one man talks into a curious little box, and although his voice is as a whisper compared with Stentor's, yet it can be heard further and further away than our strong-lunged megaphonic friend's loudest bellow. He speaks into another machine and his voice echoes and re-echoes every time you drop what is called a coin into a conveniently placed slot. He lives in structures of stone and iron and steel and brick and wood, and sometimes of canvas. He has stolen some of our lightning and illuminates his dwellings with it. He has temples erected to his gods, and, say, the mundane Bacchus must be an all-powerful creature, for there are more

shrines devoted to his worship than to any other deity. In many places there are vast gatherings of Man, whose numbers at any one time exceed that of all the gods and goddesses and their attendants thrown in. They have little chariots which speed away by themselves by some miraculous power, and in these they ride around triumphantly. I saw some of their written records, which are issued daily, and which, besides a lot of things that never happen, publish to the world the miracles of Man's medicines—marvellous cures by pills and lotions of everything from a broken leg to the foot and mouth disease—so miraculous are they that they make our good old friend Æsculapius look like thirty cents. Oh! they're wonderful, they are.

"These extraordinary mortals are spreading, too. The other day—five or six thousand years ago or so—while we were taking that little snooze—there was a mere handful of them, and they were mostly just across the way. Now there is scarcely a place where they are not. They are even encroaching upon this hallowed region and soon, I fear, our occupation and our sacred retreat will be with the things that were, and we ourselves will be numbered amongst the Has Beens. And to add to our miserable undoing, but few spots remain unoccupied—in the hot desert sands of the equator, and in the remote frozen North and the far-away South where the Ice King is defying the invasion of these ubiquitous midgets. But this fellow, Man, seems to have pre-empted the rest of this planet."

Overwhelmed with the dire tale of threatening disaster, Jove cast a significant glance at Bacchus, who

The March
of the Mar-
vellous Men

had opportunely replenished his stores, and—after wiping his regal lips—appealingly turned to Æolus, and poetically but mournfully queried:

"Tell me, ye winged winds, that round my pathway roar, Do you not know some spot where mortals are no more? Some grand old mountain range with valleys in the west, Where free from this everlasting crowd, the weary gods may rest?"

The Temples
of Titan

"Well," replied Æolus, as he put a fresh patch on his bellows, "Of course, I've blown into a good many places in my lifetime, but cui bono?—(you know what that means)—where'er we go this growing horde of humanity will seek us out. And yet," he half-hesitatingly continued, as if trying to recall the forgotten, "there are some vast solitudes in a distant country, across the great seas and immense stretches of land that, if I remember aright, were favorite summer resorts of Titan before you had that little unpleasantness with him. His temples are still there, and in the fastnesses of the mountains Mother Earth wears her Sunday clothes every day. This would be an ideal abiding place for the gods, but it is a far cry from Olympus to the Land of the Yoho."

"Distance be condemned," replied Jove, who at times could use fearfully strong language. "Let us hence."

The Flitting of the Gods

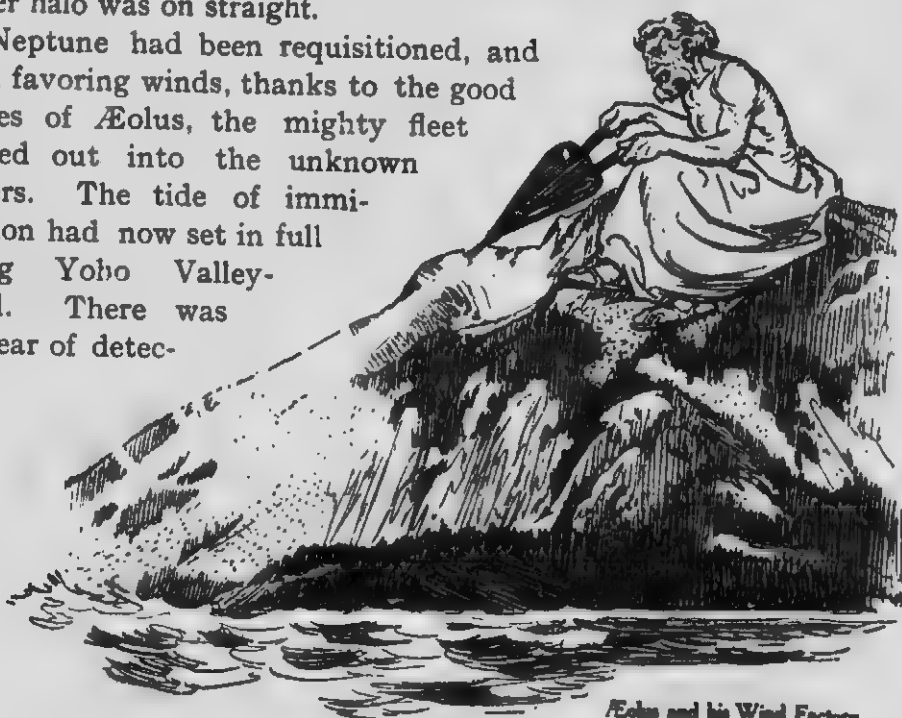
What Jove says "goes" with the gods.

Then there was hurry and bustle and coming and going in haste and all was confusion in the flurried

preparation for the Great Trek. Pandemonium reigned everywhere and the hills resounded with mingled shrieks and sobs and lamentations. It was as if all were under the supernatural spell of a hideous nightmare. Olympus—the land of their creation, the home of their ancestors, the one spot sacred to them and theirs—would be lost to them forever, and, alas and alack, they would become wanderers in strange countries. At last the supreme moment arrived. The hour of departure had come. Pluto stuffed a package of sulphur in his grip to start a new Inferno if the old one, as appearances indicated, was to be abandoned to mortals. Momus loaded himself with a bundle of comic exchanges and colored supplements. Vulcan packed his smithy in his Saratoga. Mars pinned on a couple of medals and took along a few emergency rations and a can of embalmed beef; Cupid filled his quiver anew; Bacchus, with his usual precaution, laid in a full cargo of assorted brands of ambrosial nectar—and so each one made ready for the hegira, which was delayed a few moments while Juno halted to see if her halo was on straight.

The Great
Trek

Neptune had been requisitioned, and with favoring winds, thanks to the good offices of Æolus, the mighty fleet passed out into the unknown waters. The tide of immigration had now set in full swing Yoho Valley-ward. There was no fear of detec-



Æolus and his Wind Factory

tion by mortals, for at the last moment Pluto poked up his subterranean fires near the earth's belly, and the flames terrifically belched forth and attracted all human eyes toward them. In the shadows cast by the glare of Vesuvius, the phantom ships passed in the night down the Ægean Sea, through the intricacies of the Cyclades, and across the Mediterranean, out between the Pillars of Hercules, which sentinel that sea where mingle its waters and those of the Atlantic, and avoiding the boisterous billows of the Bay of Biscay they reached Cassiterrides—the Tin Islands of the ancients—and now generally known to moderns as Great Britain. These were mere specks on the wide ocean, three leagues or more from the continent, beyond which their chosen path lie through a trackless watery waste.

In Stately Ships of Splendor

**On the Broad
Atlantic**

Neptune, brave-hearted and experienced sailor man that he was, with marked discretion, called a halt. The phantom craft, while all right enough for inland navigation, were puny cockleshells on the vast ocean, and he at once determined upon absolutely abandoning his frail craft and seeking the protection of the huge monsters that Man had evolved by his ingenuity, and which kind fortune had opportunely supplied for this psychological moment—great staunch ships in which were embodied safety, speed and splendor—ships that were remindful of the oriental magnificence of their deserted Olympian home—that were Empresses of the

Waters in structure as in name—that were in their majestic proportions and luxurious appointments worthy of the regal titles they bore, the "Empress of Britain" and the "Empress of Ireland." And so, by Jove's command, the forces were divided, and the Olympian migrants hastened aboard the stately ships. They sailed down the Mersey, and rounding the picturesque shores of Hibernia, passed out without fear or trepidation into the far-stretching Atlantic.

It was a delightful voyage. Atlantis, the great western continent of which they knew, had been submerged during their prolonged siesta, but in the pleasures of their new surroundings they missed it not. Unconscious of their invisibility, they unnecessarily hid during the busy hours of sunshine and gathered in secret when darkness fell, and the mortals who crowded the palatial cabins and saloons were asleep, and so easily escaped detection. In less than a week they entered the portal of the new world, where disembarking, at what Man called the historic city of Quebec, they, in blissful ignorance of the existence of railways, quickly constructed a fleet and with gladdened hearts sailed up the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes, and through the water-stretches of the Lake of the Woods, down Winnipeg River to the lake, and up the shifting Saskatchewan to its source. There, on a huge mound of pillared ice, the fugitives halted. From their glacial resting place three streams issued

Crossing the
Continent



Empress of the Waters

and flowed into three different oceans, so Argus—a party with one hundred eyes—ascertained. Which one should they follow? They knew not. Their indecision was taken advantage of by Bacchus, whose constant good fellowship and the excellence of his nectar gave to his words considerable influence, and as he declared he'd enough water in his, with only feeble protests from Neptune, who didn't want to see his flotilla lie idle in the middle of the season, the whole party took to the woods..

Nearing the Enchanted Land

Instinctively they knew of their nearness to the
Land of Enchantment by the

**At the Portals
of Paradise**

"Thrill in the air,
Like the tingle of wine,
Like the bugle blown blast,
Where the scimitars shine,
And the sky-line is broken
By the mountains divine."

They were at the portals of Yoho Land—

"Where the planets stand up
Body guard before God,
And to cloudland and glory
Transfigure the sod;
Ah! to see the grand forms,
Magnificent lift
In their sandals of daisies
And turbans of drift;

"Ah! to see the dull globe brought sublime to its feet,
When in mantles of blue the two monarchies meet,

The azure of grace blending low in its place,
And this world glancing back with a colorless face."

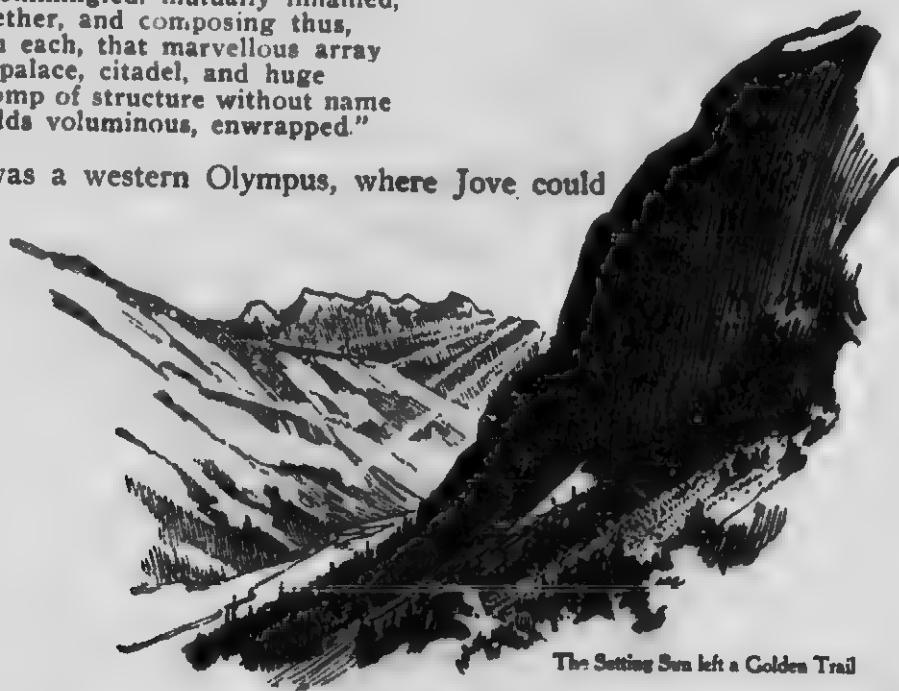
The New Olympus

The serrated crests of the mighty Rockies, silhouetted against the azure sky, stood out in bold relief in a scene of peerless grandeur and sublimity. This was, indeed, an Olympus, excelling in beauty that which they had left behind—a mountain home of grandest proportions; and the setting sun left a golden trail which led to its innermost recesses and to the very clouds. Here Nature had piled up her stately walls, planted her bastions, flung up her turrets and spires, and hung out her wardrobe of oriental splendor. Here were banqueting halls—of health, of beauty, of poetry. Here, fashioned by no mortal hands, were shrines at which the gods themselves could worship—colossal, overwhelming, outdazzling all else that had ever been seen—possessing an all-pervading sense of majesty and magnificence.

Where the
Gods Gather

"O! 'twas an unimaginable sight!
Clouds, mists, streams, watery rocks and emerald turf;
Clouds of all tinctures, rocks and sapphire sky,
Confused, commingled, mutually inflamed,
Molten together, and composing thus,
Each lost in each, that marvellous array
Of temple, palace, citadel, and huge
Fantastic pomp of structure without name
In fleecy folds voluminous, enwrapped."

Here was a western Olympus, where Jove could



The Setting Sun left a Golden Trail

establish his court anew. In the Valley of the Yoho, in the Lakes of Cloudland, in the Valley of the Ten Peaks, and all through the mountain ranges the gods frolicked and hunted and climbed dizzy peaks, and amidst cataracts dropping as if from the canopy of heaven, darksome canyons deep in the bowels of the earth, fairylike parks, and winsome water-stretches contiguous to huge ice-fields, which reached away into the Great Unknown, the halcyon days of the gods were renewed.

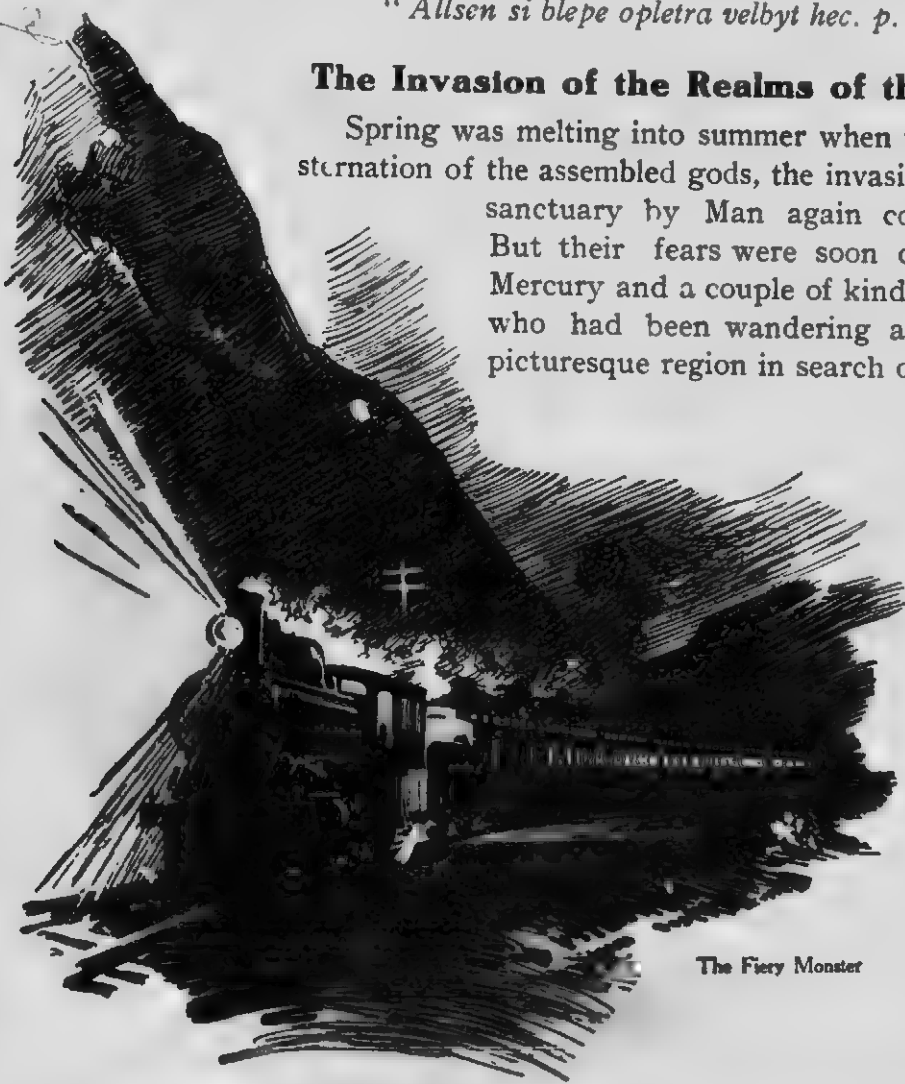
**A Mysterious
Legend**

Memories of the old home were revived by the discovery of a legend graven in the rocks, probably by Titan, which read:

"Allsen si blepe opletra velbyt hec. p. r."

The Invasion of the Realms of the Gods

Spring was melting into summer when to the consternation of the assembled gods, the invasion of their sanctuary by Man again commenced. But their fears were soon calmed, for Mercury and a couple of kindred spirits who had been wandering around the picturesque region in search of suitable



The Fiery Monster

winter quarters, reported that, after all, Man was not such a terrible, awe-inspiring object they had suspected he was. He could see only in the daytime, and even then his vision was so opaque that the spectral forms of the deities were invisible to him. A man could walk right through Jove himself—like a woman goes through her husband's pockets—and be none the wiser of his experience. If he wasn't blind altogether, Man—so the gods gleefully learned—was remarkably shortsighted. Then why fear this lilliputian? They could tolerate him if there wasn't too many of him, and if his only desecration of their sanctuary was his puny presence. In the gloaming only was there at first any trepidation felt, as a fiery monster with glittering bright eye and long luminous body and tail dragged its sinuous length over the Great Divide and down the weird valley of the Equus Calcitratus (which is the classic for Kicking Horse), but the sprites and goblins soon discovered that the alleged monster merely carried within its folds happy mortals called tourists—a harmless and respectable brotherhood of pleasure-seekers—and their apprehensions were quickly dispelled. And so they wisely decided to remain and grow up with the country.

**The Insignifi-
cance of Man**

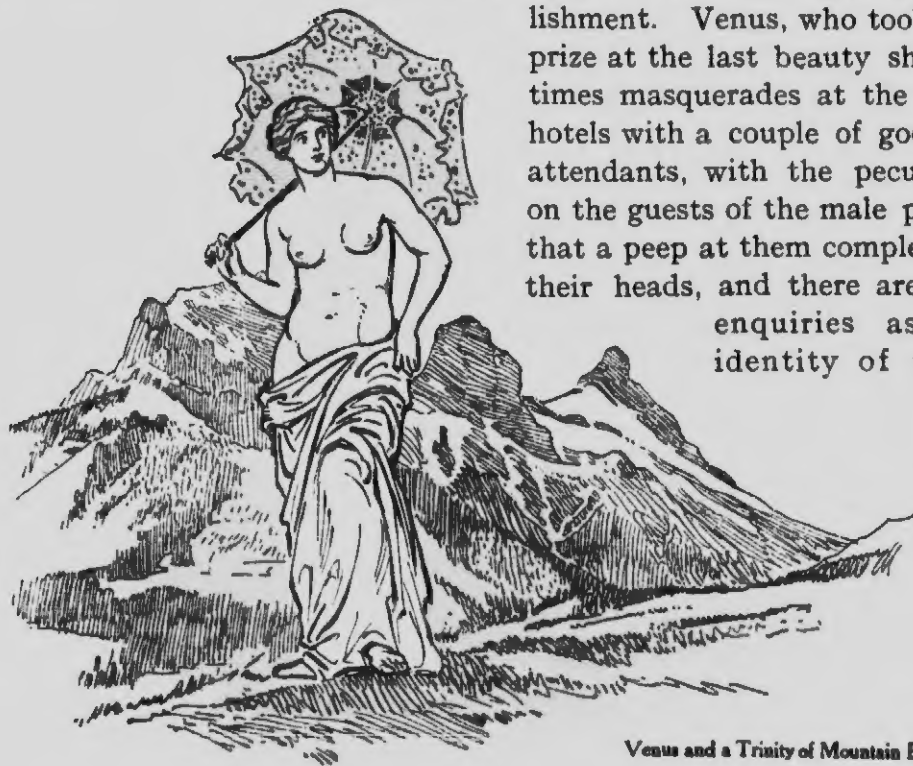
The Magic of the Mountains

The gods long not for their old Olympus, for in these new Elysian fields all the comforts of home are found. The Olympian games are revived, their revels are resumed, and all their ancient Graeco-Roman pas-

In the New
Home of the
Gods.

times are restored. They are having a high old time—a genuine gigantic jag of joy. One of their favorite forms of amusement is to play fantastic tricks with the atmosphere—their magic at times making nearby mountains appear far off, and distant points within easy reaching distance—causing peaks to shape themselves in different forms—diminishing and increasing as is their humor the swirling torrents in the fearsome canyons. And when Jove gets angry he hurls a thunderbolt or two which mortals vainly imagine in their ignorance is the rumble of thunder, and sometimes Pluto is ordered to turn on his electric works to illuminate the sky in streaks, just to let Man know that he is not the whole thing. Cupid is there too, busily engaged shooting darts at the two sexes of mortals with remarkable results, and Pluto, with a keen eye to business, has poured his precious package into a cleft in Sulphur Mountain, and after renaming Lake Minnewanka for himself, bored a hole in the cave at Banff and another in Mount Cheeps in an adjoining range, to more easily reach his new subterranean estab-

lishment. Venus, who took the first prize at the last beauty show, sometimes masquerades at the mountain hotels with a couple of good-looking attendants, with the peculiar effect on the guests of the male persuasion, that a peep at them completely turns their heads, and there are frequent enquiries as to the identity of this par-



Venus and a Trinity of Mountain Beauties

ticular bunch of pretty girls. Adonis, too, once in a while registers at Banff, or Field or Glacier, from Montreal or New York or Philadelphia or London or Paris or some other earthly place. Æolus took up his quarters further south—on Crowsnest Lake—and has his wind factory in full operation, with a new and improved brand of chinook, which dispels the snowfalls and gives warmth and geniality to the air. The other gods and goddesses daily and gaily disport themselves, bathing in the limpid waters and mingling in the dance to the rhythmic music of the balmy pine-scented breezes which waft through the forests, and their unalloyed pleasure in the incomparable beauty of the enchanted environments is that of Dreamland.

**The Delights
of
Dreamland**

The Twentieth Century Abode of the Gods

And so they stay in the Canadian Rockies—a joyous and happy fraternity of immortals, unburdened with worldly cares, content with the day's delights, heedless of the morrow. They are unseen—except by themselves—but their shadowy presence is testified to by the many Titanic monuments, fitting tributes to the worth of this highly respectable order of wraiths, carved out of the solid rock, by the



The Hoodoos

**In a Realm
of Regal
Grandeur**

fountains of health that spring from the ground, the celestial sweetness of the tuneful zephyrs wafting through; Apollo's lyre, the rippling laughter of the Naiads in the glacial-fed streams, the transformation of the rebellious Satyrs into "Hoodoos" on the cut banks of the rivers, the misty halos of Hebe and Juno that are to be seen encircling the summits of the peaks when the fair ones retire for the night, and the radiancy of beauty in which are bathed the regal glories of mountain crest and shadowy gien.

All who visit the mountains realize that there is something supernatural about them by the weird wailing of the spectral lost ones, and the mocking of one's voice as it resounds through the echoing cliffs and caves, by the all pervading sense of immortals freed from worldly worries, and the unconscious feeling of Man's utter insignificance and littleness as he stands awe-stricken amidst the splendors of the environing grandeur and sublimity. In the lustrous floods of melody and light is created an idyllic existence in this sequestered portion of the World's Roof.

Olympus shall know them no more.

**The Decrees
of Fate**

Fate—Destiny—whatever it may be—has decreed that, after being dead to the world for 24,000,000 years, more or less (according to eminent scientists), they shall have eternal life, and what greater restitution could there be for having been deprived of the Olympus they loved so well than to be granted the sovereignty of a glorious realm of Peace and Happiness and Beauty and Magnificence, far from the madding

crowd, where in the gladness of the sunshine and the witchery of the gloaming, they feast and frolic and scamper around like mad, and while the merry hours away to their spectral hearts' content?

And the best of it is that mortals—now that they are understood to be perfectly harmless—are graciously permitted to mingle amongst them and participate in the countless enjoyments of this wondrous Principality of Pleasure just as if they were of the gods themselves.

**The Mingling
of Men
and Gods**